

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

THE XL—NUMBER 25.

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1934.

Four Cents A Copy—\$2.00 A Year

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Man Chapman of Berlin was in Sunday.

and Mrs. F. O. Robertson in Rumford Monday.

has been visiting friends in

and Mrs. Harry Mason of

parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C.

Frances A. Carter of New-

Mass., is spending her vacation

and Mrs. Fred A. Tibbetts of

and were in town several days

week.

small Paine of North Anson

a week end guest at the M. E.

onage.

es Addie Vandenberg of

ingham, Mich., is the guest of

an and family.

the Girl Scouts will hold a food

Friday afternoon, Sept. 28, at

at Allen's Market.

H. Spearin and Walter Bart-

went to Lynn, Mass., Friday,

raising home Monday.

Miss Doris Clifford is at the F.

R. A. school at Lake House,

chester, for a few weeks.

and Mrs. Orlando Libby from

land were the week end guests

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Maddocks.

Miss Martha Brown has returned

from Rangeley where she has

at work during the summer.

Miss Arlene Goddard returned to

on Wednesday after spending a

weeks vacation at her home

Mr. R. O. Hood entertained his

er, Ralph S. Hood, and brother

en from Danvers, Mass., for

past few days.

H. M. Wilson is moving into

lower rent in Miss Annie Ham-

house and Miss Hamlin will

at Maple Inn.

Mrs. A. H. C. Finck and Carl

usman returned to Ithaca, N. Y.,

Monday, where Mr. Hansman is

ending Cornell University.

Donald Kellogg, who taught at

uld Academy two years ago, is

teaching English at the high

school in Bellows Falls, Vt.

Missy Tibbetts and John Twad-

have resumed their studies at

main College and Stanley Allen

entered the freshman class.

Rev. Charles Moorhouse who

aks at the Congregational

urch Sunday, is a former col-

gue of the pastor of the Metho-

d Church and may speak there

the evening.

E. F. Bishoe, treasurer of the lo-

cal branch of the American Red

ess, and Rev. P. J. Clifford, chair-

man, motored to Waterville, Mon-

day, to attend the annual regional

ference. A decided effort is to

made this fall to increase the

istration at the annual roll call

and secure an increase in giving as

the Red Cross prepares for the min-

istry to the local winter needs and

ch emergencies as may arise.

Miss Katharine Bryant, Volun-

teer Worker for the New England

Girl Scouts, is the guest of Mrs. J.

NISSEN BAKERY TRUCK SMASHED NEAR W. BETHEL

A truck belonging to the Nissen bakery of Portland was badly damaged in a collision with a touring car at the bridge near Hazen Lowell's, West Bethel, Tuesday afternoon. It is reported that the driver of the truck held close to the guard fence for some distance before the crash but was unable to avoid the collision which threw the truck against the bridge railing and blocked the road. Traffic was stopped until Officer Stevens arrived from South Paris. The truck was towed to Bethel by the wrecker from Lord's Garage, and later taken to Portland by a crew from the Nissen garage.

BETHEL BOY TO HAVE TRYOUT WITH BRAVES

It was learned the first of the week that Earlyn (Stubby) Wheeler has been offered a try-out with the Boston Braves. He has been playing on the C. C. C. team at Bar Harbor and has attracted a lot of attention in that section. Subby has long been popular with Bethel fans as he played on local teams and on Gould Academy teams during his course there, where he graduated in 1928. Naturally his many friends will be pleased to hear of this signal recognition of his ability. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wheeler of Bethel.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME ENDS SATURDAY NIGHT

The accepted time for returning to Standard Time is midnight Saturday, but probably the popular way will be to set the clock back an hour on retiring that night, whatever the hour may be.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

A very pleasant party was held at John Silver's camp in Mason Sept. 23, the occasion being the thirty-eighth wedding anniversary of Mrs. Silver's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Grover of Gorham, Me.

The guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Eli Grover and daughter Margaret, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Mundt and son James, Mr. and Mrs. Verne Mills and son John, Mrs. Mary Mills, Mr. and Mrs. John Silver and son Roy and the guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. A. Roy Grover. Refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed by all.

TO ROY AND CARRIE

Thirty-eight years the leaves have budded,
Turned to crimson, faded, died,
Since Roy Grover, young and stalwart,
Took Carrie Spinney for his bride.

A year rolled by—a little daughter
Came your humble home to bless,
Soon filled your house with joy and laughter.
Complete was now your happiness.

Swiftly passed the days and months
Scarcely counted in their flight,
Till another little daughter
Came your young hearts to delight.

Then a son the Father gave you
For to make your home complete,
And you toiled to make them worthy.

Passed your days in union sweet.

Time passed midst work and pleasure,
School days all too quickly fled,
Till John Silver to the altar
Your oldest Gertrude led.

And Verne Mills came courting
Ethel.

Soon she too became a bride,
And your son gave you a daughter,
Now in New Jersey they reside.

Many friends you have known in passing
Long since have joined the silent
dead,
But you still have been spared each other

As the sunset trail you tread.

May the days and years in passing
Make your union more complete,
Hand in hand the journey onward,
Till you reach the Master's feet.



EMILIE LORING
Author of "Hilltops Clear"

DAUGHTER of George M. Baker, who was associated with a great publishing house and whose plays are still being acted all over the English-speaking world, and granddaughter of Albert Baker, one of the founders of the newspaper which is now the Boston Herald, Mrs. Loring, whose latest story is to appear serially in this paper, had the background which led her naturally into a literary career, but her entry into the field of fiction writing was delayed by the fact that her family claimed her first attention.

Mrs. Loring is the wife of Victor J. Loring, a Boston lawyer, whose far-flung interests in civic, church and legal affairs she credits with having done much to broaden her outlook.

"When our sons fared forth to 'prep' school," she said, in response to an inquiry regarding her career as a writer, "my husband vigorously fanned a spark of literary ambition to which I confessed. For a year I wrote a book-letter for a Boston paper. I tried an article and, lo, it hit the bull's eye. Encouraged, I essayed a short story. It was accepted on its forty-fifth trip. I believed in that story, and so, evidently, did one other person in this great U. S. A. There followed other stories and articles and then came my first serial, 'The Key to Many Doors.'"

Since the appearance of this first serial, Mrs. Loring has written a number of other stories that have won her an established place among present-day authors. "Hilltops Clear" is in her best vein and presents a delightful combination of romance and adventure. Do not miss the opening chapters.

MRS. W. H. BOND

Many friends and acquaintances were saddened by the news of the death of Mary M., wife of Walter H. Bond of New York. Mrs. Bond passed away September 24 at her home in Garden City, N. Y. Her ever cheery smile, kind words and acts will long be remembered by her friends in Bethel, Newry and Rumford.

She has spent many summers at the Bond cottage, Sunny Vale, in Newry and dearly loved the place but owing to severe sickness has not been able to come to Newry for over two years. She had returned to her home in July after several months in Arizona. She is survived by her husband and two children; a son, Jameson, and a daughter, Madeline.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to this family for Mary Morgan Bond was a devoted, unselfish wife and mother, as is somewhat expressed in these lines of poetry:
"Is there a height of depth that can measure a mother's love?
Deep as the sea's unfathomed depth,
High as the heavens above!
There is no truer love, as her unselfishness will prove:
You may her heart with sorrow break
There still remains her love."

Following the regular meeting of Sunset Rebekah Lodge Monday evening, Oct. 1, will be held the installation of officers. The installation will be followed by a program and refreshments will be served.

WEST PARIS WOMEN IN AUBURN ACCIDENT

Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes, pastor of the West Paris Universalist Church and Mrs. H. R. Tuell, also of West Paris, fortunately escaped serious injury at Auburn Monday evening. The Studebaker sedan of Mrs. David Morrell of Auburn, in which they were returning from the evening session of the Universalist Church Convention which was held at the Auburn Elm Street Church, overturned and was badly damaged on Lake Street. Miss Forbes and Mrs. Tuell were treated for minor injuries at the C. M. G. Hospital and remained there that night. Mrs. Morrell, although severely shaken up, was apparently uninjured.

HERBERT BEAN TENDERED BANQUET AT MAPLE INN

State Commander Herbert R. Bean was honored Thursday evening, Sept. 20th, at a banquet sponsored by the local American Legion at Maple Inn. There were 34 present including business men of the town. A fine banquet was served. Eugene Van Den Kerckhoven acted as toastmaster. Fred Rowell, registrar of deeds, was the first speaker of the evening followed by short talks by Supt. E. R. Bowdoin, P. F. Crane of Gould Academy, A. Van Den Kerckhoven and the guest of honor, Herbert R. Bean. The affair, planned by members of the local Legion, was entirely unknown to Mr. Bean until a few days before.

SURPRISE SHOWER

Miss Gertrude Planggar of Philadelphia was quietly surprised last Friday evening at Pat O'Brien's. While Miss Planggar visited Mrs. O'Brien a group of her intimate friends congregated outside the house. The doors opened and behold a lovely wedding party stood on the threshold. Flower girls, bridesmaids, groom and bride, the bride's father and the minister. A mock marriage took place. After the merriment had subsided a little Mrs. O'Brien asked Gertrude to bring in a box of yarn. Gertrude opened the box and found (much to her surprise) a pair of lovely all wool blankets, the gift of those assembled. She responded in a pleasing manner. Refreshments were served and the guests departed at a late hour wishing Gertrude much happiness when she married Henry Bannasch of Philadelphia in the near future.

Those present included Merlie Wheeler, Naomi Bean, Lillian Smith, Gertrude Johnson, Carrie Philbrick, Ruth Cummings, Doris Sullivan, O. B. George Jr., Hortense Chapman, Merlie, Bertie, and Ethel Conner, Pat and Mabel O'Brien and the guest of honor, Gertrude Planggar.

CHARLES S. BROWN

The family of Charles Simon Brown received word early Wednesday morning of his death which occurred Tuesday night at Augusta as the result of a shock.

Mr. Brown was born at Bethel June 8, 1879, the son of Simon and Ellen Grover Brown and has lived the greater part of his life in his native town. He was a mechanic by occupation and worked for many years at Herriek Bros. machine shop.

Twenty-nine years ago on Feb. 12, he was united in marriage to Miss Rose E. Billings of Hanover and four children were born to them, Beatrice, Julia, Leona and Faith, all of whom survive. Mr. Brown was a Universalist by faith. Besides his widow and the four daughters mentioned, he is survived by a sister, Miss Cora Brown, and a brother, Harry Brown, both of Bethel; two nieces, Miss Alice Brown, Worcester, Mass., and Mrs. Ruth Brown Smith of Northampton, Mass.; a nephew, Albert Brown, Brighton, Mass.

Funeral services will be held from Greenleaf's funeral home Friday afternoon at two o'clock, interment at Riverside cemetery.

ROAD CONTRACT AWARDED

The contract for construction of .87 mile of bituminous macadam road east of the railroad crossing in Bethel village on route 26 was awarded last week to Ralph Bull of Fitchburg, Mass. This concern has an enviable reputation for building this type of road. It is expected that work will start soon.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY PRESENTS PAGEANT

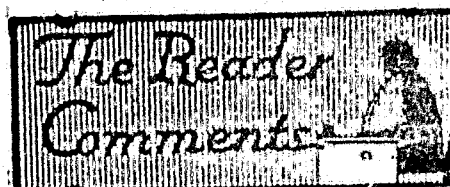
At the evening service at the Methodist Church Sunday evening the following program was given under the auspices of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society:

Short talks, Mrs. P. C. Lapham
Rev. P. J. Clifford
Pageant, "Altar Lights," Marion Brinck, Hilja McKeen, Eleanor Vall, Barbara Hall, Florene Bean, Marjorie Berry, Arlene Greenleaf, Mildred Vall, Muriel Brinck, Kathryn Davis, Helen Anderson, Phyllis Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Van were in Rangeley Wednesday

Apple blossoms have appeared on the small trees which were scorched when the buildings at Birchmont Farm burned last month.

A gathering of over 200 friends celebrated the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Otis B. Hall of East Dixfield last Friday evening.



To the Editor:

Undoubtedly like many other communities Bethel folks' morale has been sorely wounded in the experiences that have been thrust upon them during the past few years.

Has the depression, we wonder, seemed to spoil for a time the true community spirit so necessary to progress in general?

We have a beautiful town, we have real folks here, friendly, courteous and interested in things of benefit to Bethel as a whole.

Bethel has enjoyed in general a better season the past Summer (so reported) than since '29."

The writer has been privileged to meet many people the past Summer in a radius of 100 miles or more, and remarks similar to the following have been heard many times: "We like Bethel, it is so pretty," "Every little while we drive over to Bethel with friends," etc.

Bethel is ideally located. For the merchants and business men there is territory to draw from that with unbiased co-operation, trade can be brought to Bethel that is now carrying its dollars elsewhere.

Let us not complain of conditions and still make no effort on our own part to make them better. Instead of using time and energy in criticism and pulling apart us to groups and factions, let us use the same efforts in a wholesome community spirit, unselfish and working toward a better psychology, that Bethel moves ahead.

Not satisfied to stand still in the same spot but even though the steps be short, let it be forward.

It is not a great task nor a hard one, but really interesting and of benefit to every man, woman and child in our community.

Why cannot more people be brought to Bethel to trade, to vacation, etc. Every dollar spent here helps our community.

Life is like a journey taken on a train

With a pair of travelers at each window-pane.

I may sit beside you all the journey through

Or I may sit elsewhere, never knowing you.

But if fate should mark me to sit by your side

Let's be pleasant travelers,—it's so short a ride.

A FRIEND OF BETHEL.

WITH THE POETS

To Our Readers—If there is an old song or poem which you cannot find and would like to see in print, write the Citizen. If we are unable to locate it possibly another reader can furnish it for publication.

IN THE OLD HOUSE

In the old house where we dwell
No care had come, no grief we knew,
No memory of the Past we felt,
No doubt assailed us when we knelt;
It is not so in the new.

In the old house where we grew
From childhood up, the days were dreams,
The summers had unwonted gleams,
The sun a warmer radiance threw
Upon the stair. Alas! it seems
All different in the new!

Our mother still could sing the strain
In earlier days we listened to;
The white threads in her hair were few,
She seldom sighed or suffered pain,
Oh for the old house back again!
It is not so in the new.

BOYHOOD VISIONS

Her face is sweet, and her brow is fair,
The golden light in her sunny hair;
Soft are her fingers with rosy tips,
Lullabies flow from her lovely lips.

Again I sleep in my trundle-bed,
The stars peep in on my slaxen head;
My playmate purrs in a monotone
And pillows her head beside my own.

Once more I sleep 'neath the rustic roof,
Where rafter and shingle make warp and wool,
Over my head sings the dancing rain,
Splashing away at the window pane—

A loving step on the creaking floor—
A loving hand on my brow once more,
Charming away from my school-boy brain
Its fancied burden of grief and pain.

Homeward again from a faraway shore,
Visiting boyhood's haunts once more,
Bearing the scars of manhood's strife;
Worn with fighting the battle of life.

Sleeping again in my boyhood's bed,
Soothed by the pattering rain o'er my head,
The twittering swallows in chimney wide
And lullaby songs of eventide.

Once more the step on the creaking floor,
And mother comes as in days of yore—
The trembling hands and the bending form,
Telling the story of life's rough storm.

Sweet are the words from the feeble lips;
As loving fingers with trembling tips
Smooth with care every crease and fold
Of my tumbled bed, as in days of old.

Last night as I slept in foreign land
I felt the touch of my mother's hand
On my wrinkled brow and locks of gray,
Charming each sorrow and grief away;

Smoothing the folds of my lonely bed,
Soothing the pillow beneath my head,
And boyhood's dreaming came back once more,
At touch of the hand from silent shore.

Was it a dream? I little know
How angel messengers come and go,
But feel the comforting joy they bring
And hear the rustle of angel wing
As mother tucks me in.

NEWRY

Mrs. Roger Foster had as visitors Saturday, Mrs. Noyes and friends of Bethel, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Brown and baby. Mrs. Foster cared for the baby while Mr. and Mrs. Brown went to Rumford to attend the pictures.

Miss Williams, the school teacher, went to Rumford for the week end.

Mr. Gorman is still in the hospital at Lewiston.

W. N. Powers was in North Newry last Sunday.

Mrs. H. E. Harlow was a caller at Walter Powers' Wednesday.

Mrs. Bessie and Mrs. Louise Leonard were callers at Roger Foster's Wednesday.

Callers at Roger Foster's Sunday were George Leonard, Chester Ladd and Mr. Noyes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Powers were in North Bethel last Sunday.

The Farm Bureau met with Mrs. S. P. Davis last Thursday with a good attendance.

Roger Foster and family were in Norway last Sunday.

NORTH NEWRY

Don Bean and family of South Paris were guests at F. W. Wight's on Sunday.

Mrs. R. M. Bean and daughters were callers at L. E. Wight's on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Walter Reed and family of Rumford were calling on her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Sunday.

F. W. Wight plans to take some of his cattle to Andover this week for exhibit at the Fair.

Earle F. Wildes returned to his home in Kennebunk Saturday.

Mrs. A. C. Littlehale spent the week end with her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Wight and family.

Master Paul Wight celebrated his fourth birthday Saturday.

Ole Oleson has purchased a new potato digger.

Walter Powers called at Hartley Hanson's Sunday morning.

George Learned and Leslie Corbett will go to Sunday River this week to work on the road.

The State Highway Department crew have completed the bridges in Grafton Notch and Lee Harnett, the foreman, has moved the equipment to Cumberland County.

Lee Abbott was at L. E. Wight's Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Vail had for guests over the week end Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elliott of Oakland.

Fred Wight was at Andover and Rumford Monday.

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THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

DEAR RIVER GRANGE

Bear River Grange, No. 285, met in regular session Saturday evening, Sept. 22, 1934, with W. M. Daniel Wight in chair. Officers present were: Overseer, C. F. Saunders; Chaplain, Bertha Rogers; Ass't Steward, R. T. Davis; Lady Ass't Steward, Mary Bean.

After the regular order of business the following program was presented: Opening song by all; Roll Call, Current Events.

The Worthy Lecturer announced the next meeting, Saturday night, September 29, would be "Booster Night." It is hoped every member will try to attend and make this a real Booster night. Sisters not solicited please bring sandwiches.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named.

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four, and by adjournment from day to day from the third Tuesday of said September. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris on the third Tuesday of October, A. D. 1934, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Alice G. Twitchell, late of Bethel, deceased; Petition for the appointment of Malcolm G. Howland as Trustee, presented by Anna B. French, beneficiary under the Will of said deceased.

Witness, Peter M. MacDonald Judge of said Court at Paris, this 18th day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four.

FRED W. ROWELL, Register

UPTON

The Farm Bureau met at the Grange Hall, Wednesday, Sept. 19, with fifteen members and two visitors present. The subject was Cake Making. At 2:30 p. m., Miss Callaghan, H. D. A., arrived at the Grange Hall and held a membership campaign meeting with the officers and solicitors.

The 4-H Club held a meeting and exhibited their season's work at the Grange Hall, Friday evening with their new County Club leader, Miss Rosen, present. Sewing and cooking were exhibited. Miss Arline Judkins and Miss Etta Barnett received blue ribbons on their cooking. All the sewing members received red ribbons.

Mrs. R. S. Irons has been very sick with the grippe. She is gaining in health now.

All the Gould Academy students from Upton were home over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coolidge and son, Linwood, of Errol, N. H., were callers in town last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Davis and a friend of Ridgefield, Conn., are staying at their camp on Lake Umbagog.

Mrs. W. L. Sargent, who has been spending some time in the Eastern part of the state, has returned home.

Ray W. Thompson, Mrs. Lee Abbott and Mrs. Ban Barnett started Monday morning for Prince Edward Island, where they expect to stay about a month.

WILSON'S MILLS

Supt. Oscar Judkins of Upton visited schools last week.

Harry Hart and Floyd West returned from Farmachenee Tuesday where they have been guiding the "Colts" party.

Floyd West has been shingling at the dam the past week but will go onto the new road to work on Monday.

The men are still busy on the road through Cupasuptic.

George Bennett returned from Farmachenee where he has been guiding Mr. Arnold for about a month Tuesday. He will return again to guide the first of October in the Kirkman party. They will stay about a month.

Carl Littlehale is out around his hand is coming fine. Gerald Littlehale was down lake Sunday. He is helping wood at Farmachenee.

Louie West is working on road through to Cupasuptic.

Clarence West, hauled loads of small trout for Claude Neil to put in Sturtevant Pond week. Mr. Linnell has a set sporting camps there with accommodations for fishermen hunters.

BUSINESS CARDS

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Bethel, Maine

SONGO POND

and Mrs. Walno Kyllinen and children and Mrs. Helen Damon and son, Charles, spent the end at Herbert Damon's. Kimball was also a caller Sunday.

and Mrs. Leonard Kimball the day Sunday in Bethel and Bethel.

work has begun on the federal Bert Brown of Bethel is building the road.

Herbert Damon, Floyd Kimball, Walter Lapham are working on the road.

Edward Allen was a caller in Monday.

Mr. Barker is driving A. B. Hall's truck on the road.

Albany—Waterford

Edith Brown and Katherine Anders called on Mrs. Ernest Adams, Edith Merrill, Mrs. Geo. Barks of Paris and Mrs. H. Paine were callers on Mrs. Donald Wilson.

and Mrs. Leland Wilson of were in this place Tuesday Wednesday.

and Mrs. George Parkes are going at Albany for a few days.

Ernest Rollins of Fryeburg was Ernest Brown's Sunday.

work on the federal road in Albany started September 20th with approximately \$10,000 released for project. E. P. Brown of Bethel is in charge. It is hoped that more will be secured to complete short stretch of road connecting Bethel and Waterford. The road has been applied recently to the from Albany town house to place where work commenced Tuesday.

Stanley Lord, Mr. and Mrs. Doan Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brown were at Rumford and Fryeburg.

Ernest Wentworth, while working on the road Thursday, met with accident and is now stopping at Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fullerton.

NORTHEAST LOVELL

Mr. and Mrs. Webster McAllister son visited at Henry Fox's on Sunday, Sept. 16.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Kendall went North Bridgton after their daughter, Pauline, Sunday morning who could be home for the day. We had a nice rain here Monday. It will be a great help to some who had to haul water.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond McAllister and daughter called on Mrs. Marion Kendall Tuesday.

Mrs. Agnes Fox was a dinner guest at her father's, Clint Milliken's Wednesday the 19th. Other callers there the same day were Mr. and Mrs. Leland Wilson and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster McAllister son Ivan and Mrs. Chester called on Mr. and Mrs. Chester Holt at North Waterford on Thursday.

A. F. Kendall has been stacking corn this week.

George Mills has the job carrying children to school. There are a lot of them attending this year. Those from here attending the husking bee at Amos McKeen's North Lovell, Thursday evening, were: Mr. and Mrs. Bert Kendall, Mrs. Iva Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. Webster McAllister and son. There was a delicious baked bean supper served in the house after the husking.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hill of North Lovell spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Milliken, Sept. 20. Webster McAllister has bought building lot of Aubrey Kimball and will start building a small house soon.

Mrs. Walter Newcomb took dinner Saturday with Mrs. Clint Milliken.

Mr. and Mrs. Everley Richards of Mechanic Falls were week end guests at C. W. Milliken's and Henry Fox's.

Mrs. Iva Kendall has finished work for Mrs. Agnes Fox and returned to her home.

Will Whitehouse and wife were at their farm here after apples on Monday.

Mrs. G. B. MacSherry motored to Norway Monday.

NORTH LOVELL

Mrs. Bertha Lavoque, Mrs. Alta Meserve and Mrs. Rhoda McKay have been working for Rudy Vallee at his camp on Kezar Lake.

Amos McKeen had a husking Thursday night, Sept. 20th. He had about 75 bushels of corn.

The ladies served a Harvest Supper Friday night.

Mrs. Arthur Andrews has been helping her sister, Mrs. Annie Cummings at Fryeburg.

Church services will be held on Sunday night at seven o'clock, for a while now.

EAST STONEHAM

Mrs. Carrie Wilson of Amesbury, Mass., was a week end guest of Mrs. A. J. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Boothby and Mrs. Emma Boothby of Parsonsfield were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Bickford Sunday.

Mrs. Sarah Brown, who has been visiting her sister and family at Baldwinville, Mass., for the past two weeks, returned home Sunday.

Members of the Ladies Aid held a business meeting at the Church vestry Saturday afternoon and voted to have necessary repairs made on the church.

Carleton Barker is enlarging the cellar under his house and will install a furnace.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Dionne spent a few days in Caribou, Aroostook County, this last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fyles and family and Mr. and Mrs. Max Dionne were in Gilead Sunday and called on Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wight.

Stanwood Nelson, who has been at the Maine General Hospital for treatment has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Darnum entertained relatives from Weehawken, N. J., Saturday.

Mrs. A. J. Anderson and Mrs. Carrie Wilson motored to Bethel, N. H., Saturday.

Mrs. O. C. Farrington, Mrs. Helen Young, Mrs. Curtis Bickford and Mrs. Violet McAllister took an auto trip to Dixville Notch Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Bartlett and son Melvin of North Bridgton were in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Traflet and son, Edward, of Norway were callers at Georgia McAllister's on Sunday.

Mrs. Curtis Bickford and Mrs. Blanche McKeen were in Bridgton Saturday.

Maine Baking Company's
Fresh Bread, loaf 10c
Golden Heart
Angel Cake, 20c

Johnson's
Milco-Malt, lb. can 39c
Pencil Box and Pencils Free

McIntosh Apples, 6 lbs. 25c
Sweet Potatoes, 6 lbs. 25c
Farma Coffee, lb. 30c
Fly Ribbons, 2 for 5c
Hammered Wheat Thinsies, pkg. 11c, 2 for 21c

Allen's Market
PHONE 122 BETHEL

O. K. CLIFFORD CO., INC.
SOUTH FARM, ME.

DeSoto and Plymouth Cars
Reo Cars and Trucks
Goodyear Tires, Tubes and Accessories

GREENWOOD CENTER

Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Hoos of Berlin were at Camp Wagner a few days last week. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Jacobs and son, Thomas, were there Sunday.

Glenn and Miss Mary Martin with Miss Norma Ring and Miss Vera Dunham of Rowe Hill, Lee Mills and Miss Bettie Rolfe of Albany, Raymond Andrews and Francis Peabody of Gorham enjoyed a picnic at Shelburne Sunday.

Christo Seferlis of Sanford was at the camp owned by Atty. Nicolaus Harithas last week.

Walter Chute of Harrison was in the place Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Shaw of Portland were at Ross Martin's, recently.

Carl Brooks of Rowe Hill and Flora Swan of Norway were callers on Mrs. Laura Seames Saturday evening.

SCHOOL NOTES

Grammar School
The following Sixth grade pupils received 100% in Spelling for the week ending Sept. 21st: Valerie Bean, Hope Bailey, Buddy Clough, Donald Cross, Eva Deegan, Joseph Deegan, Bradley Hall, Muriel Hall, Mary Jodrey, Robert Lowe, Barbara Luxton, Evelyn McMillin, and Garey York.

The following Seventh grade pupils had 100% in Spelling: Kathryn Davis, Virginia Davis, Margaret Gallant, Lee Hutchins, Jean Inman, Lillian Leighton, Catherine McMillin, Rita Morgan, Earle Palmer, Margaret Vail, Eva Vashaw and Rodney Waterhouse.

The Sixth and Seventh grades are having a contest to see which grade can excel in the number of 100 per cents in Spelling. Which grade are you cheering for?

Wedding Invitations or Announcements Printed at the Citizen Office

WEST BETHEL HOLDS 4-H LOCAL CONTEST

Tuesday, Sept. 18, the Weed Killers Club, under the direction of Gordon Mason, and the Pleasant Valley Girls' Club, under the direction of Miss Esther Mason, held their local contest at the school house. Both clubs enrolled in the Cooking and Housekeeping, Canning and Garden projects, finished 100 per cent and earned their seal of achievement. The following program was presented by both clubs:

State Club Song
Duet, Two girls
Welcome, Chester Wheeler
My Season's Work, Jessie Brooks
Song, Club
My Season's Work, Margaret Bennett
Remarks, Mr. Mason, Miss Mason
My Season's Work, Chester Wheeler, Laurence Perry, and Edwin Bennett
Song, "America"
Awarding of Ribbons

Right now is the time to acquire or reserve your seed for next year. The seed problem includes not only getting plenty of seed but also getting seed of the right kind for your locality.

One cup raw carrot mixed with two tablespoonsfuls of peanut butter, and two tablespoonsfuls salad dressing makes a sandwich spread that is really good and healthful.

LOCKE MILLS 4-H CLUB HOLD LOCAL CONTEST

Thursday evening, Sept. 20, the Best We Can Do club, under the leadership of Miss Eunice Salls, with Mrs. Robert Cole as assistant, held their local contest. One hundred and ten parents and friends attended this meeting. A very attractive display of exhibits had been arranged. The following program was given:

Address of Welcome, Claire Tebbets
Her Date, Rita Salls
Mrs. Malone and the Censor, Anne Ring
Awarding of Ribbons, Miss Rosen
Music (Harp) Everett Cross
Story, "My Season's Work," by Rita Salls, Anne Ring
Potato Seed Cutting Demonstration, Claire Tebbets, Hazel Hanscom
Story by Keene Swan, Hazel Hanscom
Music (Harp and Harmonica) Everett Cross
Mock School, Club Members
Recitation, Warren Smith
Story by Bruce Scarborough, Claire Tebbets
Business Meeting, Club Members
Story by Edith Mason, Rita Salls
Music, Everett Cross
Ploughing Song, Claire Tebbets, Anne Ring, and Rita Salls
Awarding Special Prizes, Eunice Salls, Club Leader
Closing Song, "The More We Get Together," Club
Closing Cheer, Club

MOTOR VEHICLES

With properly adjusted lights and brakes will now bear the new Red Safety Stickers.

Fall driving is treacherous driving. Have your Lights and Brakes in proper condition.

No vehicle will be registered after NOVEMBER FIRST unless new inspection sticker is on the windshield.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Motor Vehicle Inspection Division.

WOULD YOUR TIRES

STOP

YOU IN TIME? " " "

G-3

GOODYEAR ALL-WEATHER
43% Longer Non-Skid Mileage... No Extra Cost.

DOUBLY GUARANTEED
1. Against road hazards.
2. Against defects for life.

GOODYEAR SPEEDWAY

Built with Super-Whist Cord. A lifetime guaranteed Goodyear—full over-size—with Center Traction for quick stops and tough thick tread for long mileage. Value you get because Goodyear Dealers sell the most tires—by millions!

30x3 1/2 4.50-21 4.40-21 4.75-19
\$4.40 \$5.40 \$4.95 \$5.70

Prices subject to change without notice. State Sales Tax, if any, additional.

Central Service Station

J. B. Chapman, Prop.

TEL. 103

BETHEL, MAINE

Skidding—cause of 5 1/2 times more accidents than blowouts—becomes more dangerous as winter approaches. For quickest stops buy "G-3" Good-years—proved safest by 8,400 tests.

When you must suddenly jam on your brakes, averting an accident often is a matter of inches. Well, stop tests on slippery pavement show: on smooth tires you slide 77% farther, on other new tires you slide 14% to 19% farther than on new "G-3" Good-year All-Weathers. That's the Goodyear Margin of Safety—a big reason why more people buy Goodyears than any other tire. Since it costs you nothing extra, why not have this margin of safety on your car too?

NOW! THE NEW TYPE "H" GOODYEAR ALL-WEATHER TRUCK BALLOON

Designed for fast over-the-highway service on trucks and trailers. Now you can expect sensational results. Phone for salesman.

GOODYEAR
and
PATHFINDER
TIRES
GUARANTEED
12 MONTHS
AGAINST ANY
ROAD HAZARD

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN PUBLISHED THURSDAYS AT BETHEL, MAINE

CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
Entered as second class matter,
May 7, 1908, at the post office at
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Any letter or article intended for
publication in the Citizen must
bear the signature and address of
the author and be written on only
one side of the paper. We reserve
the right to exclude, or publish
contributions in part.

Single copies of the Citizen are
one sale at the Citizen office and
also by
W. E. Bosserman, Bethel
Donald and Irving Brown, Bethel
Lawrence Perry, West Bethel
George Stearns, Hanover
Murry Cummings, Bryant Pond
John Tebbets, Locke Mills

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1934

BETHEL NEEDS

More and Better Sidewalks—winter
and summer,
Rural Fire Protection,
Night Watchman—All the Year,
Enforced Traffic Rules,
Australian Ballot System for Town
Meetings.

Idiosyncrasy Is Found to Affect Many Adults

Idiosyncrasy among human be-
ings is not merely an occasional
phenomenon. Statistically, 80 per
cent of all adults are susceptible to
reaction of more or less moment
when brought into contact with
some reagent, according to Hygiene,
the Health Magazine.

While the mechanism of idiosyn-
crasy is not understood, it is quite
definite that two types exist. The
first type is to be looked on as a
disease in which the inherited phys-
ical make-up of the individual is
such that he may readily acquire a
peculiar sensitivity toward certain
substances, generally those of a pro-
tein nature. This type gives rise to
such familiar symptoms as hay
fever and asthma.

The victim of the second type of
idiosyncrasy displays a profound
sensitivity when brought into con-
tact with certain drugs and other
chemical reagents not necessarily
of the protein nature. Fortunately
the manifestations are often con-
fined to the skin and give rise to a
rash or to an eczema as, for exam-
ple, in the case of poison ivy.

While the tendency toward the
conditions manifested in the first
type of idiosyncrasy is inheritable,
the second type has nothing to do
with inheritance.

Shellfish, printer's ink, furs,
feathers, flowers, tobacco smoke,
"horn" rimmed glasses, perfumes
and telephone earpieces are all ca-
pable of creating idiosyncrasy in
certain persons, according to exam-
ples given.

Artemus Ward, Humorist,

Knight of Broad Highway

Artemus Ward, the humorist, was
the assumed name of Charles
Brown, born in Waterford, Maine,
in 1834. How he came to adopt the
pen-name is unknown. There was
an Artemus Ward, a patriot of the
Revolution, a legislator, judge and
the "first commander in chief" of
the Continental army, whose odd
name Brown might have found in
the pages of his school histories.
Anyway, notes a writer in the Kan-
sas City Star, it was a name that
struck his eccentric fancy and it
was the name under which, in his
day, he made fame at home and
abroad. Like Hamlet's Yorick, he
was a natural—a born jester—a
clown who refused to take life seri-
ously and who lived his life as he
fancied it.

Brown had little schooling, ex-
cept the training that came to him
as a printer's devil. It was the day
of the tramp printer and the print-
er's wanderlust struck Brown as
soon as he found the journeyman's
"stick" in his pocket—the badge of
a craftsman's freedom. For several
years he wandered from one news-
paper office to another, as far West
as the Mississippi, toting a carpet
bag, footing it for the most part,
"hitch-hiking" when he could collect
a ride—a tall, gawky youth, with
tallow-colored hair, pallid features
and a "funny" nose.

THINGS ONE REMEMBERS

by R. M. Hofer

I was talking to a very earnest
lady recently who was enthused
about the idea of "redistributing the
wealth of the United States." I
don't think she really knew the
meaning of the phrase, but it seem-
ed to have a nice sound to her.

She said the capitalistic system
should be changed and limit the
amount of money any one person
could have to not over one million
dollars.

I agreed no one would starve on
a million and asked what her plan
was for stopping industrial lead-
ers when they had made their mil-
lion. In other words, when would
such men cease to be laborers, from
which they started, and become
capitalists?

If Henry Ford had been snubbed
when he made his first million, the
world might have waited years to
enjoy the millions of cheap auto-
mobiles he has built.

Ford is merely an example of the
individual genius of a laboring
man, which can be seen on every
hand in the United States. It was
this genius that built our nation.

You cannot limit genius and at
same time give its beneficial results
to the people.

Those who thoughtlessly talk
about redistribution of wealth,
confiscating capital through taxa-
tion and limitation of inventive ge-
nius, are simply advocating, whe-
ther they know it or not, destruc-
tion of millions of jobs and wiping
out of savings.

My intellectual lady friend was
up a tree, as it were, when she
started to try to decide, "When is
a laboring man not a laboring
man?" or "When does he become a
capitalist?"

THE POOREST GAMBLE

Would you gamble \$17,000,000
against one dollar? You wouldn't,
of course, no matter how good you
thought your chance of winning.
At those odds, no wager could pos-
sibly be worth the risk you would
take.

It is very possible, however, that
you take an even poorer bet than
that every day—that you accept,
consciously or unconsciously, life's
poorest gamble.

If you are 35 years old, you will,
on the average, live for 17,000,000
more minutes. To save one little
minute, thousands of automobile
drivers risk losing the entire 17-
000,000 minutes that are coming to
them. They take the risk when-
ever they cut in and out of traffic,
whenever they pass other cars on
hills or curves, whenever they are
guilty of one of the many acts of
carelessness that may cause an ac-
cident.

Each year in this country about
38,000 people make the 17,000,000-
to-one wager with death—and lose.
Hundreds of thousands of others
are injured. Millions sustain need-
less property damage, estimated to
reach a total of over a billion dol-
lars.

Think of the odds next time you
are tempted to take a chance while
driving. Remember that the auto-
mobile you are operating is one of
the most potentially dangerous of
all weapons, both to others and
yourself. Then ask yourself if that
minute you might save is worth the
gamble.

Orange of Asiatic Origin

The orange is apparently a fruit
of Asiatic origin and has been
cultivated from the most ancient
times in India and southern China.
It has been distributed by succe-
ssive stages to all parts of the sub-
tropical world and the warmer tem-
perate regions. It was introduced
into Asia Minor at an early date,
and thence spread to all the Med-
iterranean countries, where it is ex-
tensively cultivated. Spanish and
Portuguese explorers and settlers
brought orange trees to the New
world in the fifteenth century and
they now flourish wild in many
parts of Central and South Amer-
ica. That the California and Flor-
ida climates were exceptionally
well suited to orange culture were
discoveries made by the Spaniards
while these states were still in
their possession. Australia, the Pa-
cific Islands and Japan are countries
in which orange growing has since
been developed.

THE STORY OF AMOS LUND BY D. S. BROOKS

Chapter Three, continued

Arduous duties never dishearten-
ed Amos. He always performed at
least one good deed each day of his
outing. I surprised him one day
when I found him absorbed in the
text of Volume II, Kents Law Com-
mentaries. But he allowed himself
much time for clean amusements.
His father made him a present of a
nice four room cottage called Camp
Mosquito, but the odd part of it
was it was not haunted by these
pests. Take a peep with me inside:
There's his canoe, fishing tackle, a
melodion, banjo, clarinet, an old
fashioned secretary which was a
combination of desk, book-case,
and bureau. It was here that I
found him one morning, early in
August, busily writing. He had
mutilated several sheets of fool-
cap paper end to end. He grinned
as he saw my puzzled look. But
as he did not immediately com-
municate his ideas, I said, "What's
up, Amos?" To use a slang phrase,
I knew he had something uncon-
mon up his sleeve. I continued,—"Are you writing out a state docu-
ment?" There was a moment of
absolute silence with my curiosity
at a high pitch. Amos rose to his
feet, bowed very politely in my
direction, then began to recite a
passage from Shakespeare. I backed
away three or four paces toward
the outer door wondering if the
fellow had gone "mad." Presently,
he stopped his recital. The spell
was broken. Amos was again his
natural self. He said, "I have
thought out a great plan; and I
want you to help me put it through.
We will invite a lot of fellows from
all over Maine for a week's Con-
ference." (Amos was fourteen, and I
was in my thirteenth year.) He
explained what all the writing
meant and his objective in mapping
out a week's programme for young
fellows to enjoy. The ages were to
range between twelve and eighteen
years. He said we would broaden
the rules of our game of "State
Politics." And get a nice bunch of
boys together; hold a (junior)
election of state officers; conduct
a legislature; and give the people
of Maine a real surprise in general.
I agreed that it would be real fun,
and promised to give my hearty
support. We settled upon a pine
grove not far away that would
make an excellent place for the
great meeting that the boy repre-
sentatives would conduct. Amos
confided his plan to his father, who
was greatly pleased and promised
to help. The elder Lund was a real
estate agent and had prospered in
his business. He told Amos he
would hire the grove; have carpent-
ers build seats among the trees
that would suggest the arrange-
ment of a legislative chamber; and
also have a broad canopied plat-
form erected for the use of the
(Junior officials): governor, secre-
taries, and speakers to occupy. Our
local citizens became interested at
once and offered to do anything to
help make the affair a success. The
boys were to receive free entertain-
ment at Leavitt's Hotel. This was
possible by a solicitation of funds
from the citizens of the town.

Amos and his assistants made a
list of one hundred towns, and cities
from which to invite the guests.
Letters were addressed to select-
men or aldermen of the respective
places explaining the programme.
It was suggested that each local
board were to select two boys of
real scholarship and character to
attend the big event and pay their
travelling expenses both ways. The
date was set for the last full week
of August. The previous Saturday
and Monday were appointed as the
starting days (a choice of either
remaining with the boys) depend-
ing upon distances and train con-
nections to give ample time for all
to be present at the opening session
Tuesday morning at ten o'clock
(Standard time).

The date came round at last and
the weather was favorable. The
boys, bearing credentials, began to
arrive at the nearest railroad sta-
tions. Some came to Canton, while
others left their trains at Strick-
land's ferry. There were convey-
ances, Saturday and Monday with
reception committees to heartily

greet and transport the visitors to
Brittuns. It only lacked one of be-
ing a full attendance. One young
fellow, at Bucksport, met with a
slight injury on his way to board
the train and was much disappoint-
ed not to be able to attend. His
partner came; and carried home to
the injured member a bouquet of
pink and white carnations with a
note of sympathy from the newly
elected governor and council. The
weather for the week was wonder-
ful! In referring to that ancient
diary I kept that year, I find that
one shower came up early Friday
morning but only lasted about a
quarter of an hour. The sun shone
out again and it cleared off fine be-
fore the forenoon session of the
legislature convened.

Space, here, will not permit me
to enter into details as I would. It
took all of Tuesday to organize for
business and frame the state consti-
tution. The afternoon session ad-
journed at four o'clock. The mem-
bers were happy, but tired. A
steamer took them at four-thirty
to the head of the lake where a
shore dinner was served at six
o'clock. A pavilion had been spe-
cially erected just across the cove
a quarter of a mile away, where
the village band furnished music
until the steamer made its return
trip with the boys to Brittuns. The
dramatic club put on a play each
evening at the town hall for the
benefit of the guests.

Wednesday was set apart for
election of State officers, and the
appointing of committees. Republi-
can and Democratic legislators met
very early in the morning to pre-
pare for the big day's business. The
balloting would go on all day at
the town house, but the committees
would have to be busy at the ex-
ecutive chamber preparing bills to
come before the legislature for ac-
tion on Thursday, Friday and Sat-
urday morning.

Legislative, executive and judi-
cial departments may have merged
slightly during that week, over
forty years ago, but I think that
that game of "State Politics" by
youngsters, was played as well as
the real thing in these later years.
I have carefully observed that
some of those same lads have had
a part in actual law-making since,
as the state's legally appointed
senators and representatives.

In concluding this Chapter, which
has been longer than I had pur-
posed,—I want to add that the
newly organized legislature on its
opening day voted that only Brit-
tuns citizens (twenty-one years of
age and over) should vote in the
Wednesday's elections for the (ju-
nior) state officers. Republican and
Democratic ballots had been drafted
and printed for the use of the older
citizens. Of course, only boys' names appeared on the tickets for
office. Our local press had to rush
the job through Tuesday night. A
committee of town ladies were ap-
pointed and sworn in as judges of
the election. The wife of old dea-
con Phillips was honored as chair-
man of this group. The Democrats
from all over the state shouted for
Amos when his name was suggested
as candidate for Governor. He re-
belled, but they would not listen,
and after a long discussion he final-
ly consented. Consequently the next
morning when the polls opened at
nine o'clock, the Democratic tick-
et bore his name at the head of the
list. The Republicans also wished
to honor him, but their state cauc-
us didn't get into session quick
enough before their opponents had
done the trick; so a Republican
lad from Houlton was nominated as
their standard bearer. Needless to
say how that part of the election
went. One of the candidates re-
ceived only one vote out of a total
of 447 ballots cast during the day.
The deacon's wife gave her hus-
band instructions to vote a straight
Republican ticket. He demurred,—
desiring to vote for Amos,—but she
threatened him with no supper if
he disobeyed her orders. The old
deacon told it out afterwards that
his good woman ruled in family
affairs.

Bells were rung all over town, at
eight o'clock Wednesday evening,
when results of the election were
made known. The old deacon sat
in his survey behind a spirited
horse waiting for his wife to make
her appearance. His eyes were dim,
so she drove the horse home. The
orchestra was playing when the
pageant finished and the crowd
came rushing out to hear the re-

sults of the election. The dea-
con's wife had to make the elec-
tion that Hon. Amos Lund was
elected governor of the Com-
wealth of Maine. But mischief
in her eyes as she saluted
She said, "Don't you know
Governor, that all Democrats
rum, tell lies, and chew tobacco."
He replied, "O, shucks!" The
thinking himself of his good
ing up, he instantly said, "Me,
me, lady. But I have been a
governor of this state upon a
platform. And, as your execu-
tive will see that your party gets
deal." The deacon's wife then
reins off the back of the im-
animal and drove away, small
Amos' rejoinder, but he
ashamed of her unbecoming re-
To be continued

(Continued in next issue)

SCHOOL SAVINGS

Owing to last week being in-
gaining of our School Savings
and the parents and children
understanding our new pro-
we decided that the \$100
would be awarded as though
school year began the week
Sept. 25 instead of the week
Sept. 18.

We are in hopes to enroll
child before the end of the
year for no matter if they
bank every week we hope the
as often as possible for a
saved is a dollar earned.

If the parents will try to
member that Tuesday of each
is School Banking Day it will
a great help to the teacher's
charge. The following is the
port for the weeks of Sept.
18th and 25th:

Week of September 18
Primary School

Grade	Savings Bank Total
I	\$1.55
II	\$1.00
III	2.55
IV	2.50
	2.10

First and Fourth tied for bank

Grammar School

V	\$1.55
VI	\$1.00
VII	1.49
VIII	\$1.00
	3.35

Sixth Grade has banner!!

Week of September 25

Primary School

I	\$1.00
II	\$3.25
III	1.25
IV	2.10
	2.50

Fourth grade has the banner

Grammar School

V	\$1.75
VI	1.95
VII	1.55
VIII	\$1.00
	2.50

Fourth grade has the banner

Grammar School

First and Fourth tied for bank

Grammar School

First and Fourth tied for bank

Grammar School

First and Fourth tied for bank

Grammar School

First and Fourth tied for bank

Grammar School

First and Fourth tied for bank

Grammar School

First and Fourth tied for bank

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First and Fourth tied for bank

Grammar School

First and Fourth tied for bank

Grammar School

First and Fourth tied for bank

Grammar School

GOULD ACADEMY
NOTES

The Academy Herald editorial has been announced as follows:

Editor-in-Chief, Margaret Hamlin
Manager, Clement Philbrook
Assistant Sales Manager, Chester Wheeler
Advertising Manager, Albert Judkins
Assistant Advertising Managers, Henry Hastings, Dwight Stiles
Editor, Phyllis Davis
Associate Editors: Margaret Tibbets, Charles Smith, Helen Philbrook, Stanley Hamlin, Pauline LaRue, Betty Soule, Lilian Judkins, Jeanette Sanborn, Josephine Thurston

Notes: Walter Grover, Wilbur Clay, Barbara Myers, Russell Burris, Marion King, Beatrice Merrill, Helen Anderson, Erland Wentzel, Elizabeth Raynes, Rita Hutcheson, Frances Morrill, Rosalind Rowe, Barbara Moore, Nancy Philbrook, Rebecca Carter, Gould '29, a time teacher on the Gould faculty during the first week of school, has accepted a position at Wesleyan University where in addition to her teaching duties, she does graduate work.

Provenor Fish, Gould '31, now a student in the School of Business Administration in Boston University, was a visitor on the campus yesterday.

Rodney Hackwell, Gould '30, died friends in Bethel last Saturday. Mr. Hackwell is engaged in the insurance business in Boston, Mass.

Robert Brine of Falmouth, Mass., registered as a member of the sophomore class.

Senior Class officers were elected last week as follows: president, Harry Martinson of Concord, N.H.; vice president, Charles Smith of Bethel; secretary, Margaret Hamlin of Bethel; treasurer, Josephine Thurston of Bethel.

Mr. Shorey of the Shorey Studio (Gorham, N. H.), recently took pictures of the various buildings in some of the class rooms on the campus.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe of evidence, R. I., visited chapel exercises one day recently. Mr. Sharpe is a member of the Gould Academy board of trustees and is president of the New England Industrial Council which recently held its meeting at the Poland Spring Hotel.

Girl Reserve Notes

On Wednesday, Sept. 19, the Girl Reserve held their annual hike for Freshmen and new girls of the school. A Fox and Goose Hunt for its final destination the Girl's Kitchen. Here 52 girls accompanied by Miss Litchfield, Miss Dorothy Hanscom and Miss J. J. Good enjoyed a real climb over the coffee committee announced that the feasting would be held. Hot rolls were made for all by dormitory cooks, and corn was roasted by Jeanette Sanborn. Coffee, hot dogs, bacon, doughnuts and completed the out-of-doors meal. The girls were welcomed by Josephine Thurston, the Girl Reserve President, Kathryn Brinck, Betty Edwards. The weather was ideal and the excellent planning of the committees resulted in a very successful party.

At a meeting of the Girl Reserve last week the program for this term has been made. Kathryn Brinck, Chairman, announces that the next meeting will be held Oct. 2 at the music building. Margaret Hamlin will be the leader and the subject will be "Constructive Use of Leisure Time."

The girls have recently received invitation to make place cards for the banquet at Augusta, Nov. 1. Jeanette Sanborn, the Chairman of the Art Committee, will be in charge of this work and 300 place cards will be made by the Gould girls.

The Girl Reserve play has been chosen and try-outs for parts will be held next week. The probable date will be Nov. 9.

The Sinner

By JANNIS PARKER
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WNU Service.

THE dreary light fell on the crude furniture, on the cheap carpet and on the bent shoulders of the man, who sat staring, unseeing. The man crossed the room to a small battered desk and lifted out a faded photograph. A girl in a ruffled frock smiled up at him from the picture.

He had taken it himself. The day had been warm and they had gone picnicking beside a sparkling brook. He remembered it, clearly, vividly. How sweet she had been, how lovely! And how he had wanted her. Ineffable joy had overwhelmed him when she had said yes. Angriely, he thrust the photograph into its hiding place.

Suddenly he swerved, all alert. There had been a grating sound. It came again, a definite scraping in the lock. The tin door, painted to look like mahogany, swung open.

A woman stood there, pathetic in a little black satin hat with its attempt at smartness.

"So you're back," The man's voice clipped the air.

The wilted flower in her lap drooped. "I didn't know where else to go."

"Were you turned out, or did he leave you?"

She bit her lip. "Neither. He said things, so I left. My self-respect."

"Seeing his leer she advanced a determined step. 'I do have self-respect!'"

"After what you've done?" he flared.

"Oh, you, don't understand!" she moaned.

Her small hands were tense. Her weebegone face mirrored deep despair.

She saw herself, timid, diffident, shrinking, between suitors. First, the one who was to become her husband.

But life with the model man had day by day become more trying. He proved firm as a rock, and as unrelenting.

Then—and she laughed pitifully at herself—the villain had swung onto the stage. She mused that he had indeed been villainous not to have at least looked it.

Her husband, she reflected bitterly, though she did not condemn him, had been more villainous. Consumed with fear and jealousy when he had sensed the probable loss of his dainty little wife, he had borne down on her menacingly, actually driving her into the other's outstretched arms.

Now the woman smiled at her own expense. The love of her laughing suitor had fled, and so had she, back to the X-ray eyes of her husband.

Nervously she tucked a golden strand of hair under the shapeless hat.

"You will try to understand, won't you?" she pleaded. The muscles in his lean cheeks twitched.

She continued droningly. "He was gentle and kind, while you . . . oh, why were you so hard? We weren't poor, yet look at our home! And the time I bought the silk stockings. . . . You seemed to think beauty was wrong, that even comfort was sinful."

His voice vibrated under the low ceiling. "The things you bought were wanton. You got them because they made you beautiful, as though you weren't beautiful enough!" He checked himself; his face colored.

Then he continued bitterly. "He must have lost his gentleness or you'd still be with him." This thought made his voice strident.

"You'd be with him yet if he hadn't changed, wouldn't you?"

She made no reply. Jealousy smote him that only necessity had brought her back. "So he had to force you out!" he jeered.

She pulled the purse handle taut. "I told you he didn't force me out! I could have stayed. I'd never have gone with him at all if you hadn't been so hard."

She saw her husband's livid face, and added: "I'm not blaming you for whatever I've done, but if you'd been different I wouldn't have been won over by a soft-mannered man."

He stared at her grimly through a tense silence.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked dully. "Stay or leave?"

A swirl of memories rushed before him. His father—stern, harsh,

unyielding. His father's gloomy house. It occurred to him that it had never been called his mother's house, too. His run-away thoughts flew to the picture in the desk drawer. He wondered how she'd gotten all those ruffles on her dress. Then he pulled himself up violently. Had she not left him for another?—a man who lived an evil life gayly?

He looked up to denounce her fiercely, but she was gone. The realization was like a sharp pain. Frightened, he raced into the dingy hall, and down the rickety staircase, but the small frame building and the streets were deserted. Full of misery he dragged up the stairs.

The door of her room was ajar. He looked at it with lustreless eyes before he pushed it open.

Then he saw her.

She lay on her iron cot in a deep exhausted sleep. The tenseness drained from his face. His eyes reflected deep, grateful joy. Quietly, gently, he spread a blanket over her. Then he put the wilted flower in a glass of water.

Gray Rats in Europe

The gray rats invaded Europe following earthquakes and famine in India, in 1927. They moved across Europe in hordes, and researches have led to the belief that their migrations were highly organized and even directed by leaders. They swam rivers and entered all big cities and places where food was available. They waged war against and systematically drove out the native black rats, who had taken refuge in the villages and in the fields.

Loon, One of Strangest Birds, Is Quick in Water

An odd bird, the loon, even without considering his voice. He moves with difficulty on the ground and cannot rise from it. His "take-off" must be from the water. He rises clumsily and lands on the water with a splash. But once in the water, he is lightning itself, says a writer in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Old-time hunters will swear that he can "dodge a bullet." At first alarm he is gone. Under the water he swims with his short, chubby feet. He can outswim the fastest fish, turn like a hairpin and no boat can catch him. He stays under an incredible time and comes to the surface at amazing distances. If especially alarmed he will cling to a weed with his feet and barely extend his beak above the water in some grassy place to breathe, and the pursuer will think he has vanished.

His beak comes to a sharp point and is used as spear to catch fish. Seldom more than two are found in any small lake or pond. During migration they are solitary. In summer the plumage is a brilliant black, with white markings. In winter, a dull, grayish brown.

Loons build their nests on the ground very near the shore line. Alarmed, they tumble into the water. When the young hatch they mount the mother's back and sail around until old enough to care for themselves.

Probably the loon gets his name from the loony ways he acts, and lives; though on the whole everything seems rather satisfactory to him, and from his viewpoint, he is a success. He grows to a length of 36 inches and may weigh 12 pounds.

Malta Called Stepchild of Great Mediterranean

Malta has been called the stepchild of the Mediterranean. Since the dawn of its recorded history, many nationalities have held sway over it, beginning with the Phoenicians and running a range which included Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, Normans, French, and British.

But though always under a foreign flag, the Maltese retained their racial identity. Handsome, good-humored and sturdy, they are believed to be remnants of the great Mediterranean race which peopled the shores of this storied sea long before the rise of Greece and Rome.

Their speech is derived from the language of the Phoenicians, whose ships more than 3,000 years ago floated in Malta's harbors as do the British men-of-war today. Among the upper classes and the younger generation it is supplemented by English and Italian.

Weaving a pattern of mystery over the island are deep parallel lines in the gold rock, believed to be the tracks of ancient cart wheels. Some plunge beneath an arm of the sea and reappear on the other side, apparent testimony to the comings and goings of a people who dwelt here before the land assumed its present shape. Neolithic temples also have been found.—Montreal Herald.

A "specialist" is a doctor who got tired of being waked up in the middle of the night.—Grit.

Vulcan Island Men Most Vain

Vulcan Island, off the New Guinea coast, has the most modest women in the world, according to an anthropologist. The native women are extremely modest, and would not dream of taking their daily bath in the sea without donning an ankle-length skirt. It is made of a shredded banana leaf.

On shore the women wear several petticoats, sometimes as many as six, and have their hair cut short. The men, on the other hand, spend much time in dressing their own long tresses, in which they fasten crimson flowers. It is the men of Vulcan Island who wear corsets. They are made of stiff bark drawn tight round the body.

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N . . . Speed . . .
E . . . Beauty . . .
W . . . Smoothness

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THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

Bethel, Maine

HILLTOPS
CLEAR
By EMILIE LORING

● A story of love and of adventure, breath-taking and thrilling, with the crisp and fragrant Maine woods for a setting. This delightful tale of a girl who finally found happiness in a world from which she had run away is to be published serially in these columns. You will enjoy it from beginning to end.

Not long ago we gave our readers a story of the Maine coast "Guns of the Holy Trinity," and now it is a pleasure to offer in these columns a story of the Maine woods

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK



W. Ramsell

PHONE 114

LOCKE MILLS

Mrs. Hannah Coolidge entertained Mrs. Dustin and Mrs. Sanborn of Bethel last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Howe attended the pictures at Norway Thursday evening.

The church is being wired for electric lights and the ceilings are being repaired.

The 4-H Club held a local contest at the town hall Thursday evening. Miss Rosen, the County Club Agent was there and gave ribbons to the ones receiving the prizes. There was a social at the end of the meeting and a good time enjoyed by everyone, especially the children.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brett were in Mechanic Falls Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Cummings and family visited his sister, Mrs. John Meserve at North Lovell on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Swan and children were callers at his father's Friday evening.

Mrs. Hannah Coolidge is visiting her nephew, Charles Noyes in New York. She plans to stay several weeks.

There will be services at the church Sunday evening with Rev. Mr. Holsley of Auburn as speaker. Hope everyone will try and attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Ford were in Norway Saturday.

BRYANT POND 4-H CLUBS COMPLETE SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Thursday, Sept. 20, the Jolly Workers, under the leadership of Mrs. Addelynn Mann, and Marion Davis assistant, and the Lake Christopher Club, under the leadership of Oscar Twitchell and Floyd Redman, assistant, of Bryant Pond held the local contest at the Grange Hall. The exhibits were attractively arranged. Over 125 parents and friends attended this meeting. Mrs. Mann's club finished 100 per cent (this club has a very high rating). The boys' club finished with a high percentage. The following program was given by the clubs:

Flag Salute,	Clubs and Audience
4-H Pledge,	Clubs
Roll Call,	Jolly Workers
Address of Welcome,	Lake Christopher
Smile Song,	Murry Cummings
Reading of Story,	Boys' Club Member
My Trip to State Camp,	Georgia Yates
Demonstration,	Lake Christopher Club
Chigger Song,	Clubs
Jolly Workers Year Book,	Jolly Workers
Mock Trial,	Mr. MacKellop
Remarks,	Awarding of Ribbons, Miss Rosen
Club Motto,	Clubs
Following this program, games	were played.

WEST PARIS

Mrs. Edith Grover of Bethel visited her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wheeler, at the Field home last Thursday.

Mrs. Dorothy Ross, the commercial teacher, is returning to her duties in High School after a week's illness. Mrs. Robert Crockett from Bryant Pond has been substituting for her.

The Freshman reception was held Friday evening in the high school assembly hall. The 18 members of the class dressed like small children with very red noses and bright hair bows and neckties, each carrying a doll or toy, at the request of the Seniors sat upon the platform. The Rev. E. B. Forbes, Supt. Robinson and Prof. D. L. Libby were the honored guests upon the platform. A large attendance enjoyed the program planned by the Seniors but executed by the Freshmen. A social followed and refreshments were on sale.

H. W. Chapman, R. T. Chase, H. H. Gammon and E. J. Mann attended the men's banquet at Auburn Saturday evening at the opening of the Universalist Laymen's Conference.

The delegates to the Universalist Conference at Auburn are Rev. E. B. Forbes, Mrs. H. R. Tuell, Mrs. H. Chapman and Mrs. E. Fawcett.

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS

CITIZEN OFFICE PHONE 16-11

Rowe Hill, Greenwood

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ring spent Sunday at Coby Ring's.

Miss Vera Dunham has returned home from Locke Mills where she has been working the last few weeks.

Edgar Dunham is carrying the mail from Bethel to Lewiston for his brother, Theodore, who is sick. Mrs. Mabel Dunham went to Lewiston Monday.

Miss Norma Ring and Vera Dunham enjoyed a trip to Shelburne and Gorham Sunday.

Mrs. Margaret Bryant visited Mrs. Elton Dunham one day last week.

There is a crew working on the cleaning out the ditches and blasting large rocks.

H. O. Woods and Mr. Millett of South Paris and Norway called at Newton Bryant's Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Eames of Newry called at Newton Bryant's one night last week.

Carl Brooks visited Lamont Brooks over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hobbs were at Camp Sebawish last week for a few days.

There was a card party at the Cabin Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Dunham and family called at Newton Bryant's Sunday.

NORTH WOODSTOCK

Mr. and Mrs. Willis McGuire and baby visited at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Cushman, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wilson of South Paris were Sunday callers at Francis Cole's.

Several from this community were at the ice caves in Greenwood on Sunday.

Bernard Cushman was taken to the C. M. G. Hospital at Lewiston last week for appendicitis. He is getting along as well as can be expected.

Alpheus Coffin was at home over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Miller of Rumford were at George Cushman's Saturday. They all went to Cushman's camp at Greene Pond over the week end. They spent as much time as possible with Bernard Cushman at the Hospital in Lewiston.

Perkins Valley — Woodstock

Hattie Brown and Hattie Farnum of Bryant Pond were at Maud Benson's to see Jennie Libby one day last week. They brought her some lovely flowers. Mrs. Libby is pleased to have her friends call as she is a shut-in and the days seem long.

Norman Perham has a new SH-vortone radio.

J. T. Bryant, who has been boarding at Leon Poland's this summer has moved back on the home place and will board with Orin Sprague and family.

Adelbert Bowen has purchased an Essex sedan.

John Cox has finished work on the railroad.

Ralph and Kenneth Kennison helped Abner Benson cut his ensilage.

Will Edmunds and family of West Paris called to see Maud Benson Sunday.

There was a corn roast at Charles Swinton's Monday night.

GROVER HILL

Mr. and Mrs. James Goodrich and daughter, Lois, from Portsmouth, N. H., were week end guests at Clyde L. Whitman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hall and family were Sunday callers at E. B. Whitman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm A. Jordan from Mechanic Falls and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Meserve and daughter, Phyllis and Joan, from Auburn were Sunday visitors at Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Tyler's.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Rogers from South Waterford were Sunday visitors of Mrs. Rogers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Whitman.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Blake and son and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Blake from Milan, N. H., were calling on relatives in this place recently.

M. B. Whitman has work on the garage being built for I. L. Carver at Bethel.

SOUTH WOODSTOCK

September 23—Today is the first day of Autumn, officially commencing at 1:46 o'clock this afternoon. Summer has gone. Tonight the beautiful harvest moon lights the sky.

Today the hills and mountains are resplendent in gala attire of varied hues and colorings. In another week the paint brush of Mother Nature will have perfected its picture.

Today it was my pleasure to attend services at the Baptist Church at Bryant Pond. The text was from the twelfth chapter of Matthew, fourteenth verse. The service was well attended by an appreciative audience.

The order of the day is canning. Can all you can and you will find a use for most. A thrifty housewife is a blessing to her family. Her secret of success lies in preservation of food products.

Miss Dorris Coffin, a sophomore at Woodstock High School, was at Davis Homestead recently.

Roy Coffin, who has for some time been doing general farm work for Alvah Hendrickson, has now been put in charge of the trucking service carried on by Mr. Hendrickson.

Waldron Rider is now working for Gerald Benson of Benson Bros. during the harvest season.

A very nice yield of sweet corn was cut last week from the Benson place, averaging \$100 per acre. Mr. Benson also has a large acreage of nice potatoes which he is now digging.

Gerald Davis is now digging his potatoes. Mr. Davis kindly gave us a sample which proved his statement that the field was producing a No. 1 quality, as well as a No. 1 quantity in production.

Last week we made mention of boys and girls away to school. We will add also that Linwood "Pete" Andrews returns to Maine School of Commerce, Auburn, for his second year of instruction there.

Guyson G. Davis, now of Farmington was at home Friday night, Sept. 21, returning to Farmington Saturday morning. Mr. Davis is now engaged in doing practice teaching, having a class of 33 pupils in charge.

Clarence Perham of Bryant Pond accompanied by Mrs. Perham and Mrs. Josephine Cummings were callers at Davis homestead Sunday on their cousin, Mrs. Eliza Davis.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 18 the dedication services for the new annex to Union Schoolhouse were held. Union School received its name from the union of the district schools of Curtis Hill, Nute, Dunham and Perkins schools—thus rightly the school is called Union School of South Woodstock. Leslie Abbott of Bryant Pond had the work of rebuilding the annex, as it was formerly the new schoolhouse of Perkins Valley, built previous to their present church school there, and was requested by Miss Hendrickson to make the key presentation speech but in his absence this part of the well arranged program fell to the able eloquence of G. W. Q. Perham, and how fitting. Mr. Perham being one of these good boys who received his early training in the Nute school, above mentioned. Readings and special singing by the school was all very nicely done and as a special incentive for the welfare of the school activities a food sale was held which was well patronized, the sale netting the goodly sum of five dollars. Many prominent people were in attendance.

GREENWOOD CITY

Ernest Curtis of Tubbs District spent last week with his daughter, Mrs. Clyde Morgan.

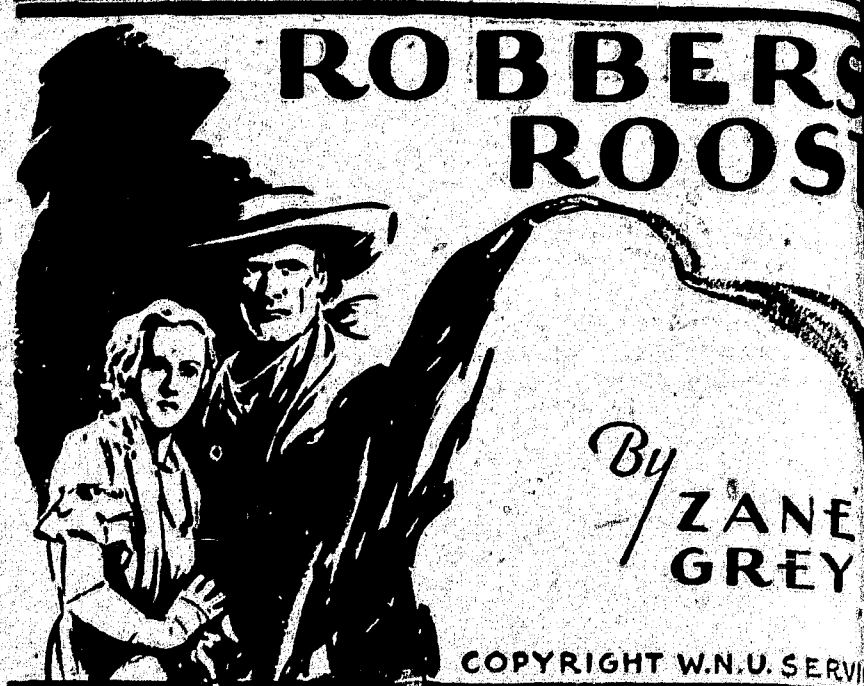
Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Whitman and family attended the Freshman Reception at West Paris High School on Friday evening.

Miss Margaret Howard of Lewiston was a caller at John Ring's one evening this week.

Lewis Britton of Greene called at the home of Clyde Morgan on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauri Tamminen and son, David, of Yarmouth and Mr. and Mrs. William Hastings and family of East Bethel were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Cole.

The state road toward the Norway line is nearly completed for this year.



CHAPTER XIII

JIM hurried on to the porch and laid Helen upon the bed. She was so exhausted that she could not speak, but she smiled at him. Her plight was evident. Then Jim straightened up to look at the man. His swift gaze, never so penetrating, fell upon a sturdy individual of middle age—a typical pioneer, still-faced and bearded. The instant Jim looked into the blue eyes, mildly curious, he knew that whoever the man was he had not heard of the abduction of Herrick's sister. "Howdy, stranger."

"My name's Wall," said Jim in reply, slowly seeking for words. "Mine's Tasker. What you from?"

"Durango. . . . My—my wife and I got lost. She wasn't strong. She gave out. I'm afraid she's in bad shape."

"She shore looks bad. But the Lord is good. It's only she's tuckered out."

"What place is this?"

"Blue valley. I've stuck it out. But I'll be givin' up soon. No use tryin' to fight that Dirty Devil river. Five years ago there was eighty people livin' hyar. Blue valley has a story, friend—"

"One I'd be glad to hear," interrupted Jim. "Will you help me? I have money and can pay you."

"Stay an' welcome, friend. An' keep your money. Me an' my women folks ask nothin' fer good will toward those in need."

"Thank you," Jim replied, huskily.



JIM HURRIED ON TO THE PORCH AND LAID HELEN UPON THE BED.

Hy. "Will you call them to look after my—my wife?"

Helen was staring up at Jim with wondering, troubled eyes.

"Is everything all right?" she asked, faintly.

"Yes, it to find friends an' care is that," replied the rancher, kindly. Then he stepped to the door.

to call within. "Mary, this was not alone. It was his wife was carryin'. They got lost in the brakes an' she gave out. We take them in."

That night, after the good news assured Jim that Helen was just worn out Jim went to under the cottonwoods and moved, for seventeen hours.

Helen sat up the second white and shaky indeed but ering with a promise that as well. Her eyes hung upon with a mute observance.

Next morning while the were at work in the fields and ker was away somewhere Jim prounced Helen on the porch, hair, once again under care, like burnished gold.

"Well, you look wonderful morning," he said. "We must gin to think of getting away."

"Oh, I'm able to start."

"We mustn't overdo it. To row, perhaps. And then if lucky, in three days you'll be at Star ranch. . . . And I—"

His evident depression, as broke off, checked her vividness.

"You will never go back to your old life?" she questioned quickly.

"No, so help me, God! I owe to you alone, Helen. It will be a good life."

Suredran

THE LASTING ROOF

Have just unloaded a car of Reeves copper steelvanized roofing, all 26 g. Let us quote applied prices.

We also have just unloaded a car of very nice CEDAR SHINGLES.

Lumber and Millwork

H. Alton Backus
Bryant Pond, Me.

Ruddy glow of good health.

No rouge, No lip stick

can begin to reproduce the lovely color, the bright eyes, the clear complexion of good health, which good digestion—Get lots of cod liver oil, avoid rich food and sweets, and all avoid constipation by the regular use of good old reliable, "L. F." Atwood's Medicine.

"L. F." Atwood's Medicine

Official Testing Station No. 612

Brakes Refined at Right Prices

GUARANTEED BATTERY, \$4.25

LORD'S GARAGE

PHONE 25

BETHEL, ME.

BERS
ROOSTBy
ZANE
GREY

RIGHT W.N.U. SERV

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Medicine

Station

Right Prices

ERY, \$4.25

ARAGE

BETHEL, M

now for me even to be. But enough of myself. I called two of the horses for the light wagon. I will take the stage line and soon you at Grand Junction."

ceased. Her hands slipped her eyes, to expose them wide with tears, through which that which made him flee.

"Please wait!" she called him, as he made with giant for the gate. But he did back.

moonlit hour that night, when the good Taskers had to well-earned rest, Jim heard name called. He ran with noiseless feet to Helen's

did not come back," she red. "I cannot sleep. . . . is something I—want to say." at down upon the bedside and her hand in his.

your real name Jim Wall?" ed, with more composure. "I will tell it if you wish."

you a free man?" "What do you mean? Yes, of course!"

called me your—your wife kind people." "They would thought that best. They would curious."

. . . I want you to go back ranch with me." "ask me—that!" he ex- incredulously.

you will be perfectly safe. one will drive you from Grand na."

haps. Only I'll never feel again—unless you are near. ed too great a shock, Jim."

can never go back to Star he replied, gravely.

not? Because you are—er a member of a robber I had an ancestor who was baron."

ers not the reason," he said. It is—then?"

leave you now—soon as I've you in good hands—I can ride peace—go to Arizona, or some- and be a cowboy—and be the memory of having you and loved you—and that having turned my back old life. . . . But if I went Star ranch—to see you every to—to—

ride with me," she interfered, —to ride with you," he went

ly. "That'd be like what led your rough experience—too much. It would be terri- much. I'm only human."

at heart never won fair lady," whispered, averting her face withdrawing her hand. "Jim, I if I were you, I'd risk it."

gazed down at the clear-cut at the shadowed eyes, hair in the moonlight; then, a and mute, he rushed away.

day Jim had beaten his ed exalted consciousness into keda that the heaven Helen at for him was the generosity man's heart. She could not wholly herself. He must not strange of that. But to re- her he decided he would con- to Star ranch, careful to reopen that delicate and able subject, and after she fely there and all was well

old ride away in the night, let- silence speak his far wall. Helen Jim acquainted Tasker's desire to leave for Torrey.

they were on the way, Helen ably settled in the back of seated wagon and Jim ride- the Tasker in front.

cher, at whose place Tasker invited them to pass the his house, and next morn- the road from there to Junction, which could be in a long day's drive. Jim ed both invitation and advice. morning Tasker bade them and God-speed.

ask you, Mr. Tasker," replied "I shall remember your . . . And I'd like to buy back horses Jim traded you."

"Lied! What about?"

"I told Tasker you were my wife." "Oh, that!" laughed Helen, and turned away a scarlet face. "It can be explained easily—if necessary. . . . Look! This glorious coun- try! . . . No, I don't ever want to leave it."

Somehow Jim got through that long ride of "suspense, fear and thrills, and when they reached Grand Junction just after dark it was none too soon for him. Fortunately he got Helen into the little inn before she was recognized, and then re- turned to put the tired horses in the care of a stable boy. He was late for supper, having taken time to shave and change his shirt.

To his surprise he found Helen radiant.

"What do you think Bernie has done?"

"Bernie!" ejaculated Jim. "Yes. My brother. This good woman told me. . . . Jim, you are the richer by ten thousand dollars."

"Richer? . . . Me?"

"Indeed. Bernie offered ten thou- sand dollars for my safe return."

"You know I wouldn't take a dol- lar!" flashed Jim.

"Well! What do you want, Jim?" she inquired, with a woman's sweet tantalizing mystery. "However, never mind that now. Listen. Bernie hired all the riders available to hunt for me. Also he found where Hays sold our cattle, and he forced the buy- ers to sell back every head, at the price they paid. He threatened to take the case to Salt Lake City."

"That's sure good news. It might have a tendency to end 'rustling, at least in wholesale bunches. Did you hear how badly your brother was hurt?"

"She did not mention that. Any- way it couldn't have been much, for Bernie has been here. . . . Aren't you going to eat any sup- per? Oh, I shall not sleep much tonight. . . . And what shall I tell Bernie?"

The query was arresting to Jim and he hastened to direct her mind into other channels, trying to make her feel concerned that they had still fifty miles to cover.

Every movement of that ride next day was a joy and a pang. It seemed as short as the preceding one had been long. Helen was gay, sad, thoughtful, and talkative by turns, but she did not infringe on the one subject that crucified Jim.

It chanced that as they sur- mounted the pass that led down into Star Ranch valley the sun was setting out of a glorious cloud pageant over Wild Horse Mesa and the canyon brakes of the Dirty Devil. Jim judged of its beauty and profoundly by the sudden sil- ence it enjoined upon his compan- ion. She never spoke another word until Jim halted the team in front of the ranch-house porch. "Home!" she whispered as if she had never expected to see it again.

At Jim's halloo Herrick came out on the porch. "By Jove—here you are!" was his greeting, as cool and unemotional as if they were return- ing from a day's visit to the village.

"Yes, Bernie, here I am—thanks to my escort," replied Helen.

Jim helped her out, while some cowboys came running.

"I'll take the team down," Jim said, hurriedly.

"You come in," returned Herrick, as he gripped Jim's hand and gave him a searching glance. He kissed Helen and led her in, with his arm around her. Jim purposely lingered at the task of collecting Helen's worn and muddy luggage, and carried it in. Brother and sister stood with arms locked, and their gaze was hard to meet.

"Jim, you will have supper with us," she said, "I'll leave you and Bernie. . . . Oh, what will a tab and a change feel like!"

She gathered up her things and ran out of the living room. "Helen hadn't time to tell me much," Herrick said. "Hays kid- naped her for ransom. Took her to a hellhole down in the brakes. Robbers' Roost, she called it. Held her there captive. They fought among themselves—gambling with my money. Heeseman's crew found them. There was a battle. In the end you killed Hays and brought Helen back. . . . That's the gist of her story. But I want it in de- tail."

"I have all the money, almost to a dollar, Herrick," replied Jim. "The Englishman regarded that as of little consequence and urged Jim to a recital of the whole af-

fair.

Presently Herrick spoke with something of gravity: "Helen told me that I was to keep you at Star ranch. I hope you won't let this Hays debacle drive you away."

"It'll be impossible for me to stay," rejoined Jim briefly. "But thanks for your kindness."

"I'll have you manage the ranch—give you an interest. Anything—" "Please don't embarrass me fur- ther. I can't stay. . . . It's hard to confess—but I have had the gall, the absurd luck, to fall in love with your sister. I couldn't help it. . . . I want you to know, however, that it has turned me away from the old outlaw life. I'll go away and begin life again."

"By Jove! So that's your trouble. Does Helen know?"

"Yes. I told her. It was after she asked me to come and stay at Star ranch. She said she would never feel safe again unless I came. So I had to tell her."

"Declare I don't blame her. I'd feel a little safer myself. That devil Hays left his trade-mark on me. Look here. . . . By thunder, Wall, it's a blooming mix. I under- stand you, and think you're a man to respect and like. Can't we get around the trouble somehow?"

"There is no way, Herrick."

"Helen has her own sweet will about everything. If she wants you to stay, you'll stay, that I can assure you. Is there any honorable reason why you ought not stay—outside of this unfortunate attach- ment to Helen?"

"I leave you to be judge of that," replied Jim, and briefly related the story of his life.

"I like your West. I like you westerners!" Herrick exploded. "Whatever Helen wants is quite right with me. . . . I can't conceive of her insisting on your stay- ing here—unless there is hope for you."

"That is wild, Herrick. I can't conceive of such a thing. It wouldn't be fair to take her seriously—after the horror she's been through—and her intense gratefulness."

Helen came in to breakfast next morning attired in the riding habit she had worn on that never-to-be-forgotten day of their ride.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Herrick. "If I were you, I'd never want to ride again!"

After greeting her, Jim could only look his admiration and won- der.

"I am taking up my ranch life where it left off—with reservations from sad experience," replied Helen, as she took her seat. "Bernie, we had to trade Jim's horse, Bay. What can he ride today?"

"He may take his choice. There are any number of good beasts."

"By the way, Jim, I told Tasker to follow us at once with our horses. I shall treasure that horse, Gray. A robber's horse! . . . Tas-

ker ought to be here soon, maybe tomorrow."

Jim felt the solid earth slipping from under his feet.

"I expected to leave today," he said, casually. "But I'll wait until tomorrow. Bay is a horse I hated to part with."

"So soon?" exclaimed Helen, with dark, inscrutable eyes on him. "Herrick, could you not induce Jim to stay?"

Herrick waved a deprecatory hand.

"Bernie has consented to let me share his ranching enterprise," she said. "I'd like to see it pay—a reasonable interest, at least. And I have rather conceived the idea that it'd be difficult, if not impossible, without you."

"Not at all," replied Jim, con- strainedly.

Presently she arose: "Come, let us ride. We can discuss it better in the saddle."

Jim could not find his tongue. He was vastly concerned with this ride. After it, would he be as strong as he was now? To be near her. . . .

Jim got on the horse Barnes sad- dled for him and followed Helen who to his surprise took the road back to the ranch house. Perhaps she had forgotten something. But when he turned the bend she was mounting the trail that led up the right. If there had been giants on huge steeds pulling Jim back, he still would have kept on.

His thoughts locked around the astounding fact—this was the trail they had ridden down, after that encounter when he had kissed her. Sight and hearing, his sense of all

around him, seemed strangely in- tensified. The pines whispered, the rocks had a secret voice, the sky turned blue, the white clouds sailed, the black Henrys loomed above and the purple-gray valley deepened its colors below.

Helen halted her horse under the very pine where they had stopped to listen to the hounds and cowboys racing up the ridge after the deer.

"My sense of direction seems to be all right," said Helen.

"Helen, I fear it's better than your sense of kindness, let me say. . . . Why did you bring me here?"

"Please look at my clench," she replied, coolly.

Jim dismounted, more unsure of himself than ever in any of the many crucial moments of his career. He did not understand a woman. He could only take Helen literally.

Her saddle clench was all right, and he rather curtly told her so.

"Then—maybe it's my stirrup," she went on, lightly, as she removed her booted and spurred foot.

"Well, I can't see anything wrong with that, either. . . . Helen."

Something thudded on the ground. Her gloves and her sombrero. But they surely had not fallen. She had flung them! A wave as irre- sistible as the force of the sea burst over him. But he looked up, outwardly cool. And as he did her gloved hand went to his shoulder.

"Nothing—the matter with—your stirrup," he said huskily.

"No. After all, it's not my clench—nor my stirrup. . . . Jim, could any of your western girls have done better than this?"

"Than what?"

"Than fetching you here—to this place—where it happened."

"Yes. They would have been more merciful."

"But since I love you—" "You are mad," he cried.

"And since I want you—present- ly—to behave somewhat like you did that day."

He reeled under that. The truth was almost overwhelming. The strong, earnest light of her eyes told more than her words. Her pal- lor had vanished. She was no longer cool.

"Jim, you might have saved me this. But perhaps it is just as well. You are laboring under some delusion that I must dispel. . . . I want you—ask you to stay."

"If you are sure—I will stay. Only, for God's sake, don't let it be anything but—"

"Love," she added. "Jim, I am sure. If I were going back to Eng- land, I would want you to go, just the same. . . . It's what you are that has made me love you. There need be no leaving. I lived years down in Robbers' Roost. That chanced me—blew the cobwebs out of my brain. This wonderful West and you are mine. I want both."

"But I am nobody. . . . I have nothing," he cried haltingly.

"You have everything a woman needs to make her happy and keep her safe. The fact that I did not know what these things really were until lately should not be held against me."

"But it might be generosity— pity—the necessity of a woman of your kind to—"

"True. It might be. Only it isn't. . . . I brought you here!"

Jim wrapped his arms around her and for the reason that he was ashamed to betray the tears which blinded his eyes, he buried his face in her lap and mumbled that he would worship her to his dying breath and in the life beyond.

She ran soft unloved hands through his hair and over his tem- ples. "People, cities, my humdrum existence had palled me. I wanted romance, adventure, love. . . . Jim, I regard myself just as fortunate as you think you are. Let's make it. We'll sit a while under our pine trees. . . . Jim, hold me as you did that other time—here!"

[THE END]

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS

We have in stock ribbons for Royal, Noleson, Underwood, Rem- ington, L. C. Smith, Smith Corona and Corona machines, and can get ribbons for any other typewriters

75¢

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

Bethel, Maine

Bethel National Bank

Bethel, Maine

NEW REGULATIONS

The new regulations adopted by the Oxford County Banks go into effect October 1st.

We will be pleased to talk them over with you.

Bethel National Bank

Bethel, Maine

ELLERY C. PARK

Justice of the Peace.

NEW REGULATIONS

Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.

Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week.

Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

For Sale

FOR SALE—Pine Boards, also pine and spruce joists. IRVING H. WILSON, Bethel. 25p

FOR SALE—Cord Wood, sawed to order. Stove wood seasoned under cover. FRED I. CLARK, Bethel. 22tf

New and Used Ranges, and Franklin fireplaces. New Peterson range burner now installed for \$25. All brass and chromium plated. Electric Furnace Burners. Furnaces vacuum cleaned on order. H. ALTON BACON, Bryant Pond, Me. 27

Miscellaneous

WE ARE PREPARED TO MAKE your wool into yarn. Write for prices. Also yarn for sale. H. A. Bartlett, Harmony, Maine. 25

Adelaide Louise Beauty Parlor—Finger wave, marcel, manicle, 35c. Hot oil shampoo and wave. 85c. Facial. 50c. Elsa B. Aubin, Mason St., Tel. 43-2. 23tf

Firearms, Ammunition, and Trap-ers' Supplies, bought, sold, and exchanged by H. I. BEAN, Bethel, Maine. Dealer in Raw Furs, Deer Skins, Hides and Pelts. 21f

SHRUB PLANTINGS UNIFY HOME GROUNDS

"It is shrubs that serve as the tying-in feature on the home grounds making the buildings, lawn, trees, and shrubs appear as one unit," says A. D. Nutting, forestry specialist for the Extension Service, University of Maine.

"There are two very important types of shrub plantings," says Mr. Nutting, "namely, border and base planting. Shrubs should be carefully selected for height, color of leaf, and blossoms to fit the need they are to fill. No shrub that is not hardy should be considered for the average farm home grounds, for there are enough hardy shrubs to make a good planting in any section.

"Border plantings are for designating the home grounds boundaries and are one of the most appropriate locations for shrubs. They should be planted in groups rather than in rows to give a natural appearance. It is usually good practice to plant high shrubs at the corners and angles with lower shrubs planted about them.

"Foundation plantings are made for softening the harsh lines of the buildings. The entrance should be the center of attraction and the shrubs arranged to bring this about. High shrubs are usually placed at the corners.

"Don't have just one species of shrub all the way around the house in a straight line. Neither try to have every known shrub in your base planting. Six to 10 species usually make variety enough and still maintain unity, thus giving a pleasing effect."

Died

In Garden City, N. Y., Sept. 24, Mrs. Mary M., wife of Walter H. Bond, summer residents of Newry. In Augusta, Sept. 25, Charles S. Brown of Bethel, aged 55 years.

WHITE SULPHITE

BOND PAPER

400 SHEETS 8 1/2 x 11 inches

50¢

Other Papers up to 75¢ a pound

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
Bethel, Maine

Trouble at the Mallams

By JANE SPENSE

© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate
WNU Service

"JIMMY, it's two o'clock in the morning."

Jimmy's bride of four months came down from the landing to peer more closely at her spouse.

"Jimmy, you're drunk!"

The up-to-now model young Mr. Mallam reared himself up indignantly. "Drunk! Like h—l I'm drunk."

Alice Mallam peered closer at her adorable Jimmy.

"You are drunk, Jimmy. Mummy says you're drinking too much."

"Oh, so your mummy says I'm drinking too much, does she? Your mummy says too d—d much." He managed to keep himself on his feet as he whipped up a rage against mothers-in-law. "I've had enough of her. So mummy says I'm drinking too much. By gad, I won't stand for that. I'm a man!"

Mr. James Mallam rocked on his feet, steadied himself, and lashed out with a closed fist. It was a clean knockout. As a matter of fact the only knockout he had achieved in his life. And the one time he had ever lifted his hand against the weaker sex.

His eyes gleamed with the satisfaction of a caveman at this stopping for once and all of mummy's interference. Then nervously this product of the present-day feminized civilization started to wipe sweat from her face.

Dazed and trembling, she leaned against the wall for support. At sound of the heavy, uncertain footsteps of her lord and master she came to life. To lock her door.

Having protected herself against her household, Alice remembered the outer world. She stumbled to her bathroom and started the cold water tap running. Although she had never before had occasion to treat a blackened eye, she resourcefully set about applying cold water applications.

"Alice, let me in," her spouse commanded. "I wanna go to bed."

"Try sleeping on the floor. I just waxed it this morning," she lashed back.

Later she paced the floor. "The brute," she muttered to herself. She stumbled over his slippers and angrily kicked them out of the way. They went under the bed and she did not fish them out. "The shame of being struck!" she wailed.

She stopped pacing to peer into her dressing table mirror. The eye was going to be very black. She picked up her engagement book. Her engagements included a bridge at Madge Coleman's, dinner at Blaise Griffith's, and the Forum club dance. Everybody in town knew Madge was a direct descendant of the cat family. And Bob Griffith at heart was a cousin to Madge.

Sleep finally eased her misery.

She awoke early. Her eye was a sight. She dressed hurriedly. Pulling out her shiny new week-end bag from the back of her closet, she packed it and put it in the center of the room where her mother's chauffeur could easily get it.

When she unlocked her door she found this man she had given herself to still stretched out at her door in a drunken slumber. She had to step over him to get out of her room. In her fury she let her sharp heel come dangerously near his ear. Then she bent over and quickly kissed him. But she went on out. Right out of his house. "Out of your life, you drunken sot!" she sobbed.

Jimmy's car was at the curb where he had left it. She opened the door, then hesitated. Her mother had given them the money for the car as a wedding present. But finally she tossed her head, slammed the car door, and walked up the street to the corner. There she

waited for a taxi, until she thought to look into her purse and discovered she had better walk.

As she approached her mother's house color flamed in her cheeks. The family gardener was working at the front flower bed. She pulled out a handkerchief but couldn't get it to her eye in a way not sure to attract attention. In the end she hurried past her home before the gardener's shrewd old eyes took in her disgrace. She scurried up the street, her face burning red with shame.

At noon James Mallam turned footsteps homeward. Ten phone calls that morning had brought only the cool statement that Mrs. Mallam was not at her mother's. "Oke, I get you!" he finally yelled into the receiver. Whereupon he wiped tears from his eyes, had blown his nose loudly, and had taken paper and figured out the most liberal alimony he could possibly afford. Alice's mother was the type of woman who would be a Tartar over alimony. A Rock of Gibraltar standing immovable against a man's figures on alimony.

His footsteps dragged as he approached the empty house of his broken dreams. He almost collided with another person turning into the walk at his house. It was Alice.

"I thought you'd gone back to your mother's," he burst out.

"Oh, no!" Alice smiled sweetly. "I'm my mummy's daughter. I ran into Jake Powers this morning and went with him to his gym. To talk boxing lessons. Just in case—"

Emerald Said to Promote

Friendship, Conquer Sin

The emerald is regarded as an emblem of success in love. Its green color is said to promote friendship and constancy of mind, while other authorities attribute to it the meaning of immortality and conquering of sin, writes an authority in the Kansas City Star.

Even in the days of Pliny this stone was highly esteemed; he wrote of emeralds: "Neither dim nor shade, nor yet the light of a candle, causes them to lose their luster."

The fresh color of emerald was supposed to be good for the eyes (bearing out modern optical opinion on the restful qualities of green), Pliny says. "There is not a gem or precious stone that so fully possesses the eye, and yet never contenteth it with satiety. Nay, if the sight hath been wearied and dimmed by intensive poring upon anything else, the beholding of this stone doth refresh and restore it again."

The finest emeralds in the rich velvet and grass green color come from the South American republic of Colombia, the lighter green emeralds from Takawaja, Asiatic Russia, and New South Wales. Among poetical references are the lovely lines from Coleridge:

"I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,
Move with 'green radiance' through
the grass.
An emerald of light."

The Greatest Showman

P. T. Barnum, American showman, was born at Bethel, Conn., in 1810. At the age of eighteen he went into the lottery business and at nineteen edited the Herald of Freedom, in Danbury, Conn. In 1834 in New York he bought for \$1,000 Joyce Heth, nurse of George Washington, and placed her on exhibition. In 1841 he purchased the American museum in New York, which he made very successful. Barnum introduced Jenny Lind to the American public, and then became proprietor of "the greatest show on earth." He published "Struggles and Triumphs," "The Humbugs of the World" and "Autobiography." He died in 1891.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

METHODIST CHURCH

P. J. Clifford, Pastor
9.45 Standard time. Sunday School.

11.00 Standard time. Sermon by Pastor. Christ's Will for You. 6.30 p. m. Epworth League. 7.30 Evening Worship. Revival hymn service. Sermon topic, Spots.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Morning Service at 11.00 a. m. Speaker, Sunday, Sept. 30, Rev. Charles H. Moorhouse of Conway, N. H.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Services Sunday morning at 10.45.

"Reality" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon to be read in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, Sunday, Sept. 30. Among the citations from the Bible is the following: "I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints; but let them not turn again to folly" (Ps. 85:8).

The Lesson-Sermon also includes passages from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, one of which reads: "Material sense expresses the belief that mind is matter. This human belief, alternating between a sense of pleasure and pain, hope and fear, life and death, never reaches beyond the boundary of the mortal or the unreal. When the real is attained, which is announced by Science, joy is no longer a trembler, nor is hope a cheat." (p. 298).

Wednesday testimonial meeting at 7.30 p. m.

WEST BETHEL

Miss Amy Onofrio left Monday morning for New York after spending the summer with her brother, Carmelo Onofrio.

Mrs. Estella Goodridge spent several days last week with her sister, Mrs. Frank Robertson, in Bethel.

Robert Quinn, Mrs. Eddie Steady, Mrs. Fred Steady and Mrs. Frank Wilson, all of Berlin, were the guests of Mrs. Fred Lovejoy Friday.

Mrs. Lydia Westleigh of Mason was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Ed Mason, Sunday.

Meody Scribner of Norway is visiting at Philip Rolfe's.

Mr. and Mrs. Hersey Saunders were in Bethel Monday.

Nissen's truck met with an accident near the Hazen Lowell bridge Tuesday afternoon. Lord's wrecker hauled it to Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Hutchinson called on Mr. Hutchinson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hutchinson, Tuesday.

Mrs. Carlton Saunders is quite ill.

Mrs. Ed Mason has some very unusual gladioli and dahlias in her flower garden. She has gladioli that are 5 feet 8 inches tall and dahlias 8 feet tall. She also has many beautiful varieties of flowers.

The Girls' and Boys' 4-H Clubs held their local contest Tuesday evening at the school house. Miss Rosen, County Leader, was present. The prizes were awarded by Miss Rosen. The girls had muffins on exhibit. 1st Joyce Abbott, 2d Florio Grover, 3d Margaret Bennett, Broad 1st Esther Wheeler. Canning. 1st Florio Grover. Boys: Beans, 1st George Waterman. Other boys that won prizes were Alfred Lovejoy, Edwin Bennett, Lawrence Perry, Chester Wheeler, Russell Burris.

Raymond Bennett is at work in Norway for Charles Boober, who is quite sick.

Habits of the Cuckoo

After she has laid her eggs, female cuckoo watches carefully and if they are destroyed she other nests and lays a clutch. She is not entirely faithful about the youngsters, they arrive in the various nests first thing they do is to eject the other occupants. It is a derful struggle to see, with young cuckoo always the victor and when each nest contains hungry youngster, the real watches over them, although never attempts to give them. Incubation of the eggs, and feeding of the young, is left to foster parents. Soon after young appear, the cuckoo and mate fly south to their home.

WHY DO I HAVE A SAVINGS ACCOUNT IN A MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK?

"You see, part of what I make every week I turn over to Mother to help run the household. The other part is free and to spend or save as I choose and you may be sure I choose to save some of it.

"This month my savings account book shows \$362 in good."

Bethel Savings Bank

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ODEON HALL, BETHEL

8:15 Fast Time

Children 20c Adults 35c

Friday-Saturday, Sept. 28-29

MARGARET SULLAVAN

"Little Man, What Now"

Have Your Brakes and Lights

TESTED NOW

A new Sticker must be on your car before Nov. 1

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